

Will Proffesor Oak Ever Find Love

by Trapezoid

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Summary: Prof. Oak discovers there's more to life than tea and food.

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WILL PROFESSOR OAK EVER FIND LOVE?

I don't know, do you?

Oh wait, this is a fanfic, I should know. In that case:

One night Prof. Oak was walking around Fifth street trying out various ineffective come-on phrases on various women.

** "Wanna see my Pokedex?"**

** "Have you met my 10 year old friend, Ash?"**

** "I'm not wearing anything under this labcoat!"**

** Finally, he came upon a rather useful one:**

** "I'm a doctor and I have a ton of money!"**

** Prostitute Jenny turned around.**

** "Alright then, Prof. Oak, that'll be fifty dollars." she said.**

** "What?" inquired Oak.**

** After a brief moment of explanation, it became apparent to Oak that he was gonna score!**

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The next day, Prof. Oak awoke with a feeling of downheartedness (zat a word?).

"Why do I always lose my wallet when I most need it?" he sighed.

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Later that afternoon Oak gave Ash a call.

"What is it, Prof. Oak?"

"I'm feeling lonely."

"Uhhhh...."

"Put Brock on the line."

"Uh, yeah?" said Brock.

"Could you give me the number for one of your crazy telephone dating services?"

"What? How'd you--"

"Just give me the number."

Brock gave him the number and they hung up. Oak called up the service.

After punching in details and personal information, Oak was given a few choices.

"Oooh...!!" said Oak. One of womens' description was real foxy. Oak was hooked up with her on the phone.

"Hah, whooz this?" a woman said.

"I'm Prof. Oak!"

There was a pause...

"Hellow?" she said.

"Hello? Can you hear me, Miss?"

Click.

Prof. Oak slumped down onto his couch and pouted.

Then some thing caught his eye. He reached over and picked it up.

"Why, if it isn't my wallet! I'm going to Fifth street!"

THE END

End
file.